

Vol. 9 A. Comp

Life

10¢

July 5, 1929

\$1,000.00

**PICTURE CONTEST
IN THIS ISSUE**



Three Cheers!

SPARKLING MOMENTS in the HISTORY OF BOTTLED CARBONATED BEVERAGES



"A Whale of a Trip!"

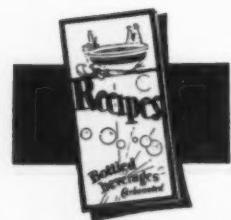
... smiled Jonah, descending the Gangplank

"I always journey by the Whale line," Jonah explained to the reporters who had received a tip by radio to interview the noted prophet. "I find them ever thoughtful of those little things that add so much to the comfort of a traveller.

"Just for example, on this voyage I found that the elder Mr. Whale—old J. G. himself, mind you—had placed an assortment of bottled carbonated beverages in my stateroom. It was a personal service that I assure you was highly appreciated.

"We submarine travellers, you know, find great inspiration in these sparkling bottled carbonated beverages. They're not only refreshing and delicious but decidedly wholesome as well.

"And now if you boys would like a photograph for the morning edition, I'll be glad to oblige. Shall I assume the pleasant expression of a householder whose ice box is laden with an assortment of these delicious bottled carbonated beverages?"



Free! Write today for a copy of this new recipe book. Frozen salads, delicious punches, dainty desserts. American Bottlers of Carbonated Beverages, 726 Bond Bldg., Washington, D.C.

Bottled beverages Carbonated



THERE'S A BOTTLER IN YOUR TOWN



.. the open w i n d o w!

V

Many Kolster owners have surprise calls from neighbors eager to ask the question:

"What make is that set we heard?"

And when such an inquiry is made it is invariably followed by a purchase and by the swelling of the chorus:

"Kolster is a fine set!"

It is literally true that with Kolster the old proverb has proved sound: "Reputation is built by Repetition".

And the makers of Kolster Radio never claim more for Kolster than Kolster owners claim.

Find out what these claims are

from Kolster enthusiasts in your neighborhood and shortly you too will join the thousands of satisfied Kolster owners.

Enjoy the Kolster Program every Wednesday evening at 10 P. M., Eastern Daylight Saving Time, over the nation-wide Columbia Chain.

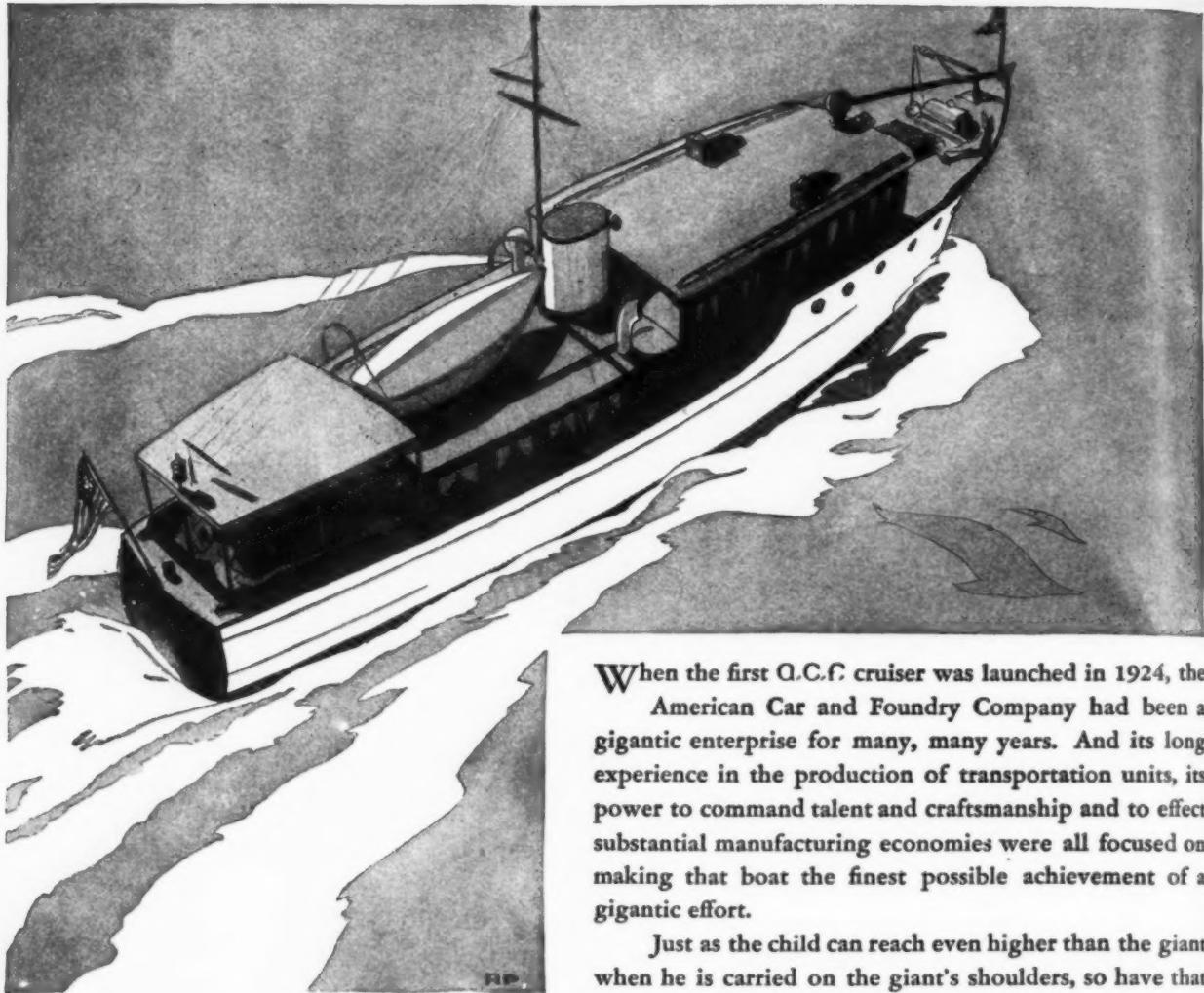
K O L S T E R
R A D I O

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• • • on the shoulders of a giant !



This is the famous O.C.F. 47; the first boat O.C.F. built, the boat that launched the great O.C.F. fleet. It has been re-designed, the interior has been re-arranged and many up-to-the-minute conveniences have been added.

The O.C.F. 27' cruising runabout and the 30', 40', 47', 54', and 68' cruisers may all be purchased on a convenient deferred payment plan.

When the first O.C.F. cruiser was launched in 1924, the American Car and Foundry Company had been a gigantic enterprise for many, many years. And its long experience in the production of transportation units, its power to command talent and craftsmanship and to effect substantial manufacturing economies were all focused on making that boat the finest possible achievement of a gigantic effort.

Just as the child can reach even higher than the giant when he is carried on the giant's shoulders, so have that first trim craft and the fleet that followed it placed the name O.C.F. beside a new high mark of accomplishment. The beauty, the staunch seaworthiness and the comforting security built into every O.C.F. cruiser—the absolute dependability of every Hall-Scott marine engine—have been new and greater assurances of the standards of workmanship and the resourcefulness of the great company that stands behind them.

See the O.C.F. fleet for yourself at any of these showrooms—or write for detailed descriptions and prices: New York—O.C.F. Marine Salon, 217 West 57th Street. Other showrooms at: Boston—Noyes Marine Sales Co., 1037 Commonwealth Avenue . . . Detroit—O.C.F. Salon, 500 E. Jefferson Avenue . . . Cleveland—The Yacht Sales & Service, Inc., 18123 Detroit Avenue . . . San Francisco—S. C. Kyle, 427 Rialto Building . . . Chicago—Ward A. Robinson, 8 S. Michigan Avenue . . . Wilmington, Del.—American Car and Foundry Company.

A.C.F.

O.C.F. NEW YORK MARINE SALON
217 W. 57th Street, Bet. 7th Ave. and Broadway
AMERICAN CAR AND FOUNDRY COMPANY

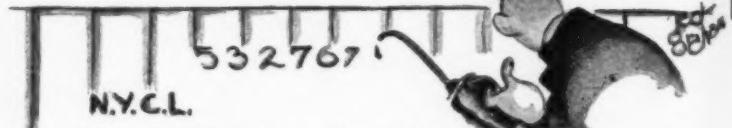
Life



Shall we join the ladies?



JOE'S DINING-CAR LUNCH



BLOTO: Can I get a lower after we get to Albany?

Scott Shots

If you want to hear something really snappy just listen in on a couple of censors talking shop.

STORY OF A CELEBRITY—HE GOT MARRIED AND SPENT HIS HONEYMOON IN THE TABLOIDS.

Welcome sight—a detour sign on the way to the dentist.

In these days of dry raids on the home many a citizen feels like calling in a tough burglar or two just to get rid of the police.

The best part of any picnic is its postponement.

PATHETIC FIGURE—A moth in a bullet-proof vest.

Thank Heaven there is still some nature left. Think of sitting down to fish for canned salmon.

Mr. Wrigley's hymn—Oh gum, all ye faithful.

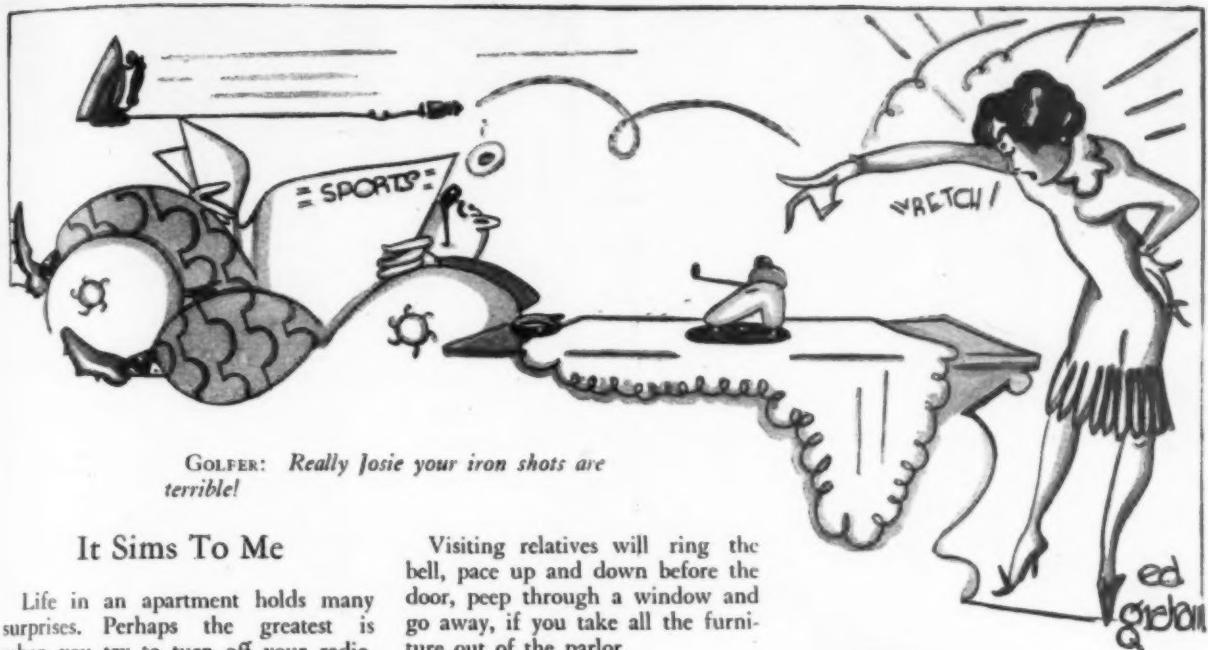
In this modern, cynical age nothing is sacred but the guest towel.

So many people are going to the country this summer that some of them will have to slip back to the city every now and then just to get a little fresh air.

—W. W. Scott.



He: Darling, how 'bout a lil kiss?



It Sims To Me

Life in an apartment holds many surprises. Perhaps the greatest is when you try to turn off your radio, and find that for the past hour you have been listening to the set next door.

A tall glass of tea, with plenty of ice and a little lemon, and maybe a sprig of fresh mint, tastes almost as good as if it were illegal.

I wish peaches would shave before they come to town.

The college boy who won the standing broad jump, the pole-vault, the hurdles and the high jump is spending his vacation at home, and can hardly get out of the porch swing.

Tea-room proprietors notice that you wear a hat, so they provide a place to put it. I am hoping they will become even more observant and provide a place for you to put your legs.

We are always afraid a barber is going to cut our hair the way his own hair is cut.

A dentist ought to work on a politician's teeth for half price, considering accessibility.

It would seem that when some people get a new car, they can hardly wait to try out its non-shattering windshield.

—Tom Sims.

Visiting relatives will ring the bell, pace up and down before the door, peep through a window and go away, if you take all the furniture out of the parlor.

Perhaps we could pass a law forcing auto drivers to rub a little printer's ink on their license plates. Then the number would be stamped on the seat of the pedestrian's trousers automatically.





"Ain't it great to be in th' country, Ed?"



Short Stories of Life

Inspiration

By John V. A. Weaver

KENNEDY was a top-sergeant during the war. He was twice wounded, and decorated for bravery. He drives a truck. The other evening, at our American Legion meeting, he joined a long discussion concerning bravery.

"I got some idears on that," he said, and fished from his pocket-book a frayed newspaper clipping, dotted with rust-like spots. "See this? Wait till I get through—then you can read it. Them brown spots is blood."

"It's a pome signed by an ape, name Mosely. He was a private, in the dumbest squad in my company. What he knowed about soldierin' to begin with was a single-O with the edges off, and what anybody could seem to teach him, you could write on a gnat's eyebrow, and still have room for the Lord's Prayer.

"Everybody rode him somethin' fierce. They called him Alice, because he was so sweet, though big and strong. Every time we had rifle practice he would shut his eyes and moan, and when we had bayonet drill, he

gives one look at 'em stickin' the dummy, and goes on sick-call for two days. An the worst yet, they found out he tried to write po'try—and lousy po'try at that.

"It seems the second draft yanked him out of some joint where they printed greetin'-cards—you know, 'Happy Birthday,' or 'To a Sick Friend.' He was clerkin' in the business-end. But what he was hopin' for, he'd get to writin' 'em, see? So he useta practice.

"He was still practicin' in the army for when the war would be over. Creepin' away, scribblin' till 'lights out.' One night Fat Harper snatched some of his stuff. Boy, what a riot. The prize, it was one went somethin' like 'Mother o' Mine, with your silver hair divine'—get the idear?

"The company made a song out of it. They used to razz him, singin' it. He didn't seem to get very sore. Just hurt. Too much of a lily, that's what everybody thought.

"So then one day, when we was gettin' ready to go up to the front, Fat Harper come runnin' to me with a copy of the 'Stars and Stripes.' It had a pome in it. The pome was signed 'Philip Mosely, pvt., 703rd Infantry.'

"I took it to the Old Man. He went to college. He says it was a very swell pome. I had Alice up front and center. He says yes, he wrote it. I couldn't understand how he could do such a swell piece. Of course, it was sort of sweet and girly—but that's the way Alice was.

"Well, anyways, here's what happened to him. He begun to get high-hat. Wouldn't talk to nobody. And he commenced to be a lot better soldier. He was a changed guy.

"Well, we went up to the front in about a week. Alice got killed, first crack out of the box. This is the way it was:

"I ast for volunteers on a night patrol, and Alice says 'me!' I couldn't believe it. 'You!' I says, 'You for the Suicide Club?'

"'Yes, me!' he says, 'I'm a poet! I'll show you skunks!'

"So we run into some Heinies, and Alice got two of 'em just as they had me down and was goin' to finish me. Then another one stuck him through the stomach. So I crawls back.

"But before I started, he manages to reach in his shirt pocket, and pulls out this clippin'. 'I showed you,' he says, handing it to me. Then he kicked in.

(Continued on Page 32)





Little Rambles With Serious Thinkers

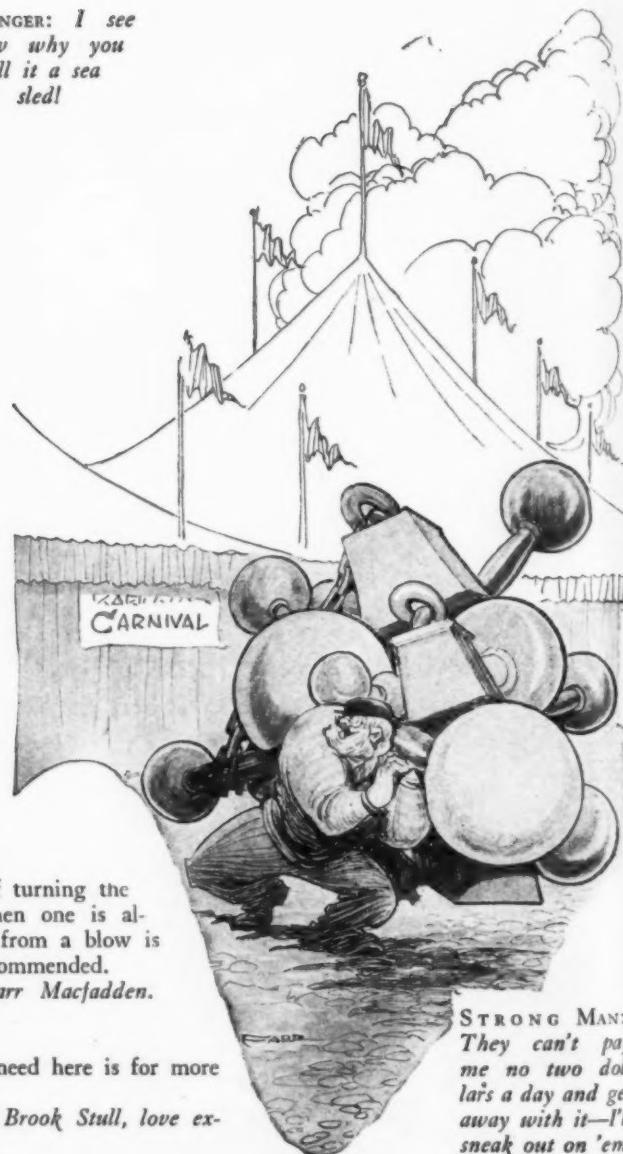
I have yet to see the lake, ocean or gulf which offered anything that may not be found in a good swimming pool.
—Heywood Broun.

A continuum seems breaking up into discontinuities, and yet discontinuities show signs of merging into a continuum.
—Sir Oliver Lodge.

If most women knew as much about making money as about spending it, they would shut up.
—Frank Irving Fletcher.

The policy of turning the other cheek when one is already smarting from a blow is hardly to be recommended.
—Bernarr Macfadden.

The greatest need here is for more homely women.
—Mrs. Nelle Brook Stull, love expert.



The greatest contrast between the American and the English sense of humor is that the one depends largely on exaggeration for effect, while English humor is governed by a passion for understatement. —Ian Hay.

Fortune is a woman. You must seize her and beat her.

—Benito Mussolini.

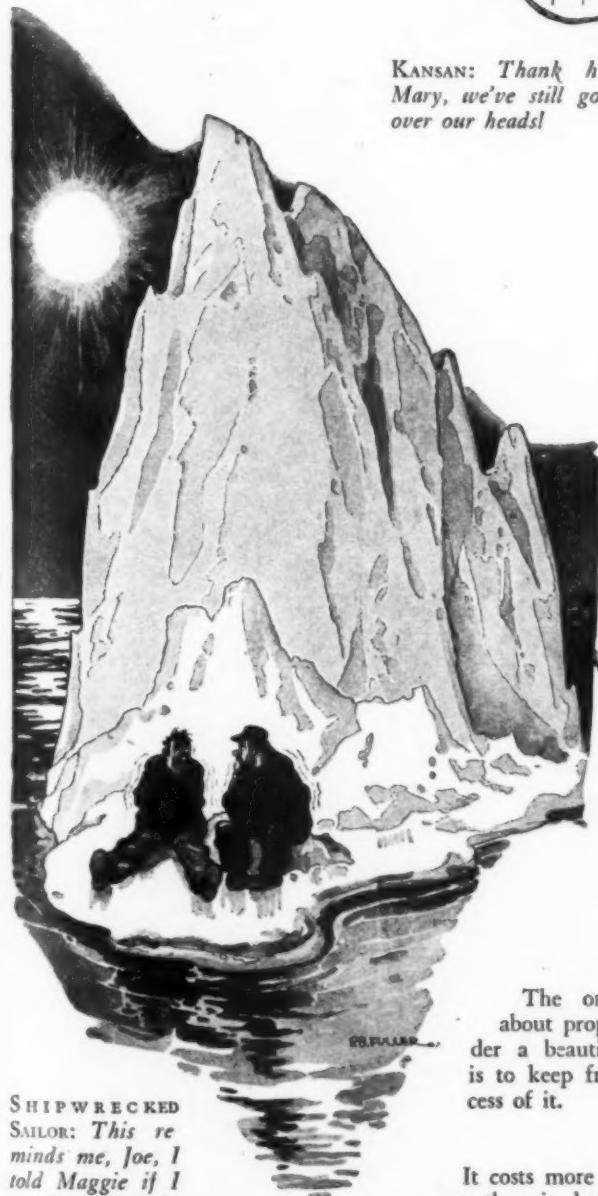
The dictaphone is a valuable asset in any office. It never takes a man's mind off his work by crossing its knees.

REVISED VERSION: What this country needs is a good five-cent-cigar extinguisher.

"I'm a big steel magnate!" he whispered, as he drew her to him tenderly.

STYLE PROMOTER (to associate, at fashion show): Well, Pierre, here's mode in your eye!

People who hope they don't intrude usually do.



SHIPWRECKED
SAILOR: This re
minds me, Joe, I
told Maggie if I
got home in July
I'd take 'er to th'
beach to cool off.

The only difficult thing about proposing to a girl under a beautiful summer moon is to keep from making a success of it.

It costs more to feed a gold-digger than it does a goldfish, but a goldfish can't call you a big old strong man.



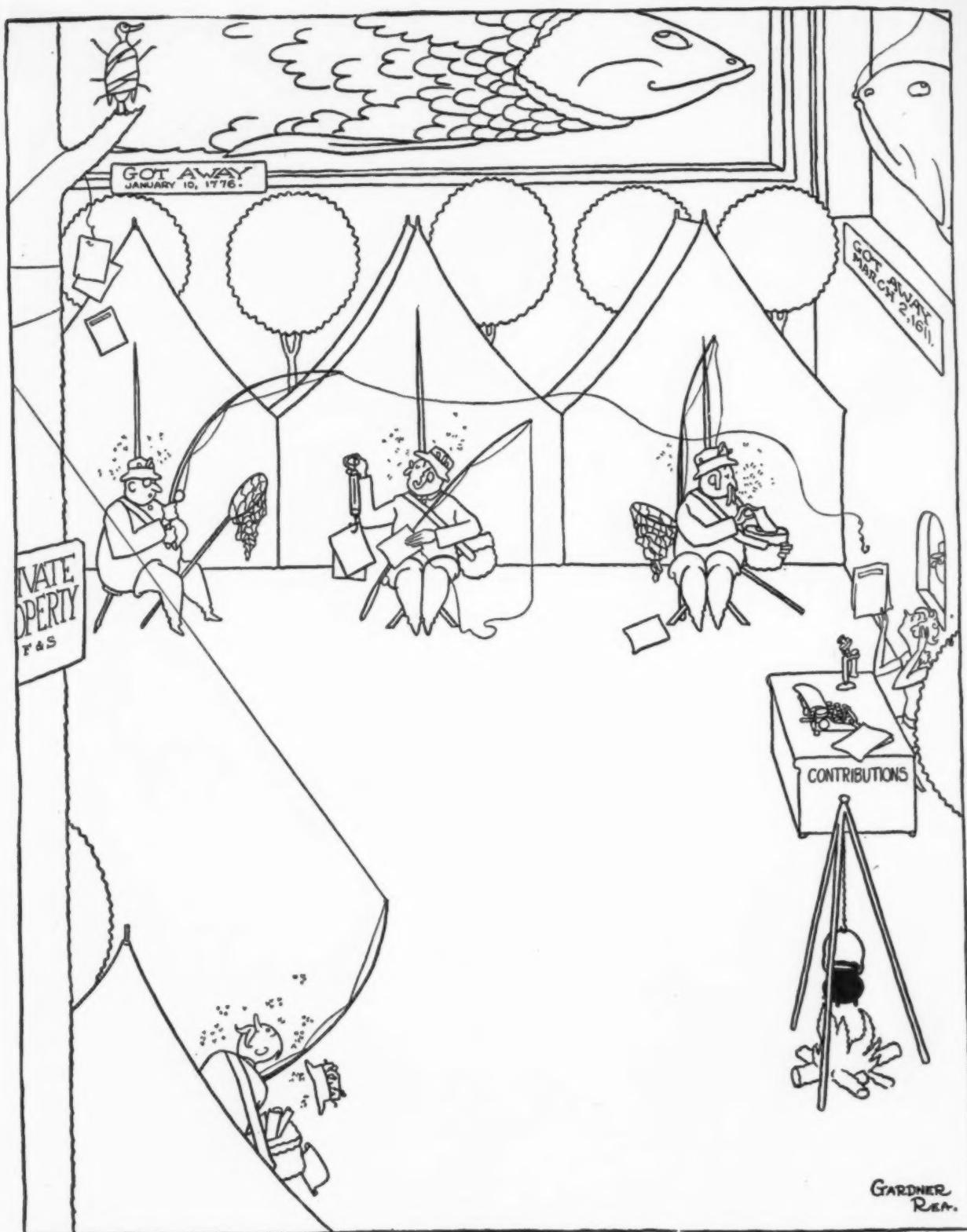
KANSAN: Thank heaven
Mary, we've still got a roof
over our heads!

The Dinner Speaker To His Love

Dear maiden of my dreams, you are
the one
Whom I have spent these many
years in seeking.
I'll tell the whole wide world I love
you, un-
Accustomed as I am to public speak-
ing.

No other maiden has a grace so sweet;
No goddess could outshine such
brilliant glory.
I lay my heart enraptured at your feet,
And that reminds me of a little
story . . .

—O. R.



Impressions of Magazine Offices.
Field and Stream.

Graham Crackers

It is with no little regret that we announce the discontinuance of the radio programs sponsored by the Rubberskin Raincoat Company. Last evening during the "Overshoe Hour" the boys slipped up and played, "It Ain't Goin' to Rain No More."

As our guest-artist this evening we are happy to present "Vanity Fair's" "Futility Boys" singing the little number that these morbid moaners do so well . . . "Life Is A Blow On The Posterior," by the "Futility Boys."

Short Cuts To Suicide 4,433,442

Upon being shown a friend's passport photo, remark, "My! what an excellent likeness!"

Our idea of a swell bit of irony would be one of these Liquid Tan fiends suffering from sunstroke.

Pity the lot of the poor goatherd. One wonders just how many times daily he is asked . . . "and how are the wife and kids?"

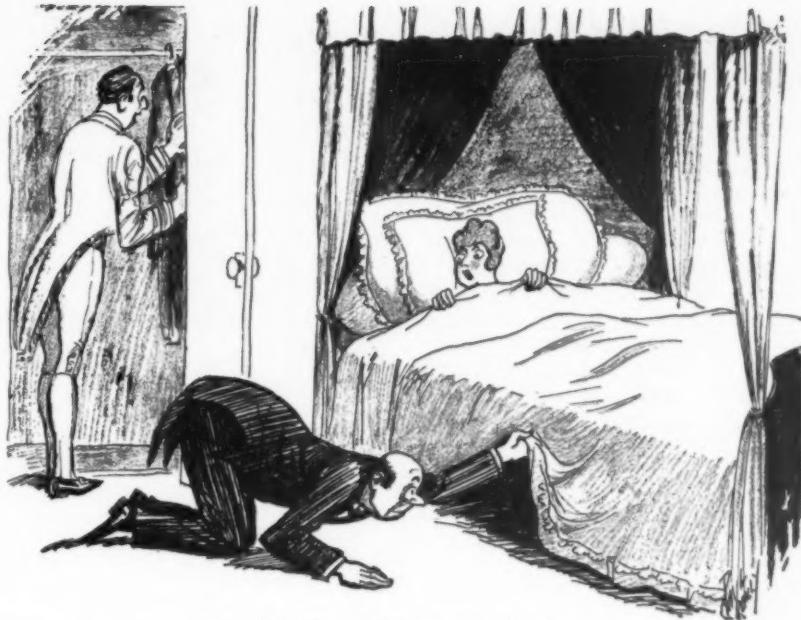
Hilarious Headlines For Tired Tabloids.

NAUTCH DANCER DISAPPEARS FOLLOWING GREAT QUAKE.

We all make mistakes but luckily we don't always marry them.

Epitaph For A Golfing Fiend

*Here Lies
Amos Mashie
His Handicap
3 Strokes
He Had 'Em
—ed
Graham.*



*"And Jenkyn, will you see that in
the future I read no more
mystery stories!"*



*"May I ask you to draw in your breath, sir, I
would like to take a dive."*

A Best Seller at Home

(Believe-It-Or-Not Ripley rocks the baby to sleep)

"There, there, 'ittle Tweetums, be a good boy and Daddy'll tell him lots of nice stories! . . . In the town of Palsy, Ohio, there is a woman 184 years old who has three heads, one of which kissed General Washington . . . For twelve years Joseph Tracoma of Upside Downs, England, has drunk a quart of castor oil daily, breaking the record set by Earl Mastoid of Calcutta, Maine, who has ear lobes three feet long which he pulls tight and uses



PRESIDENT OF GOLF CLUB: *Good Lawd, what's this?*
CADDY: *A couple of tennis players who just joined the club.*

Unfortunate burglar who happened in on the eve of the Glorious Fourth.

as a zither . . . William Toddy, aged ninety-eight, call-boy in a Soldiers' Home, discovered one of his false teeth to be a live beetle . . . The Billiard Fish

of the Gulf of Labrador, propels itself through the water by crossing and uncrossing his eyes; it lives upon the discarded combs of beach-combers . . . The shortest poem in the English language is 'Hiawatha,' by H. W. Longfellow and contains only two stanzas, one of which is also the first verse of 'God Save the King' . . .

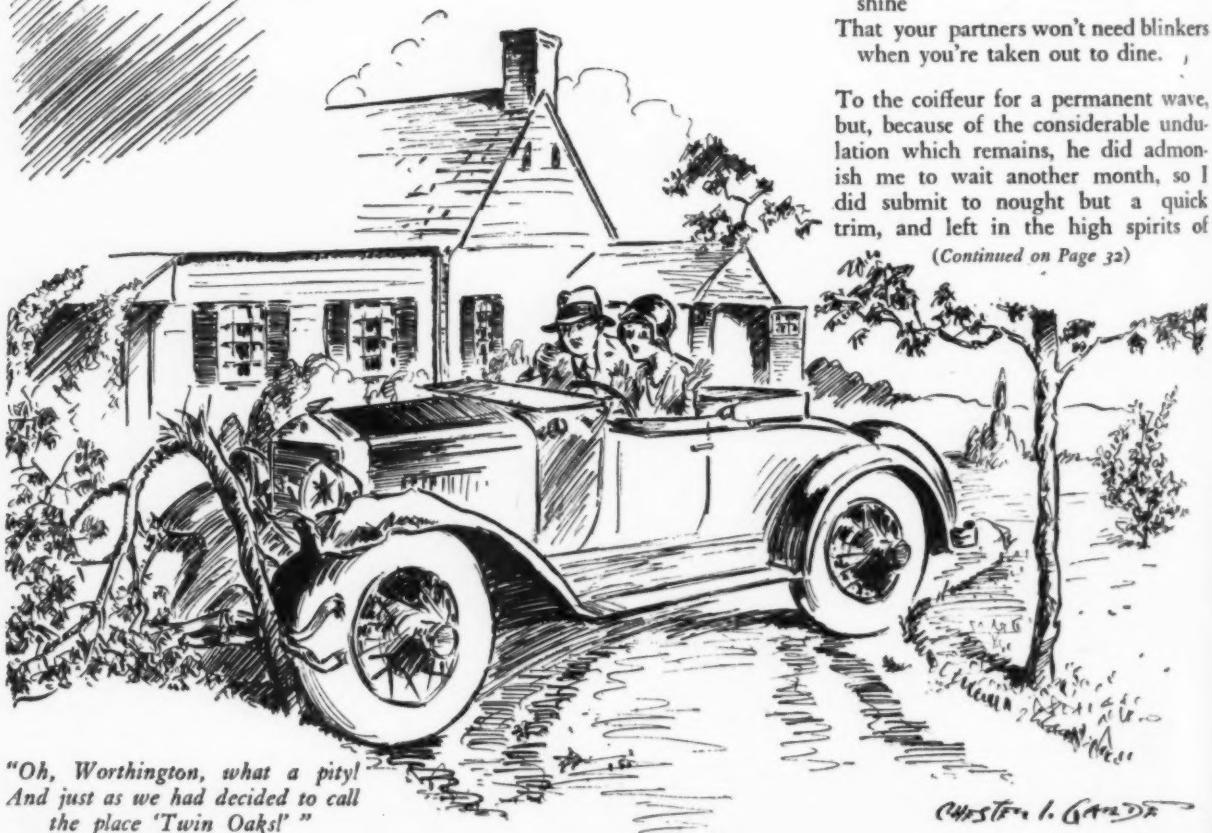
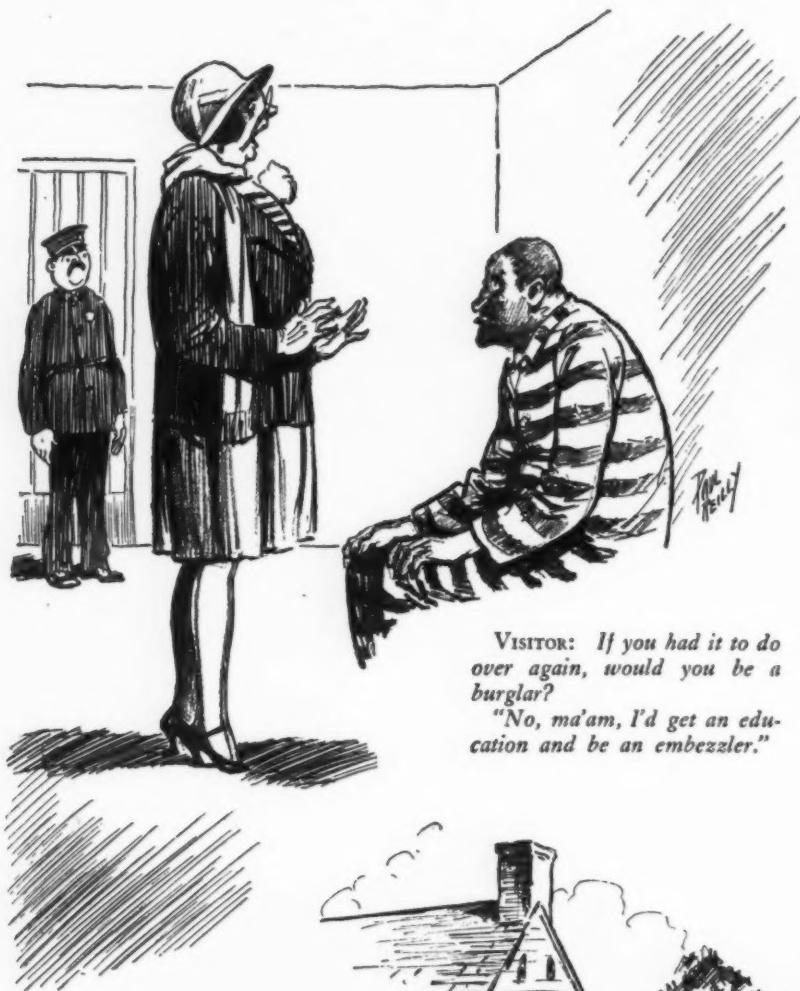
An extinct elephant was dug up by workmen in Aspirin Park, N. J.; he was revived at a local hospital and now conducts a filling-station . . .

"There are seven billion people in the world who see black spots before the eyes; four of them are known as Cecil B. De Mille . . . Eskimos, who live in Yonkers, or skin tents, never practice on the trapeze—. . . Why the little darling's asleep—and no damn wonder!"

—Heman Fay, Jr.



Life's Little Educational Charts
The French Language at a Glance



Mrs. Pep's Diary

JUNE 12—Two more stanzas done this morning on the song our class will sing to the Seniors to the tune of "Oh! Susanna," and they do go:

We have wondered why we ever put
in so much time on math.
When it has helped us not one foot
along the social path;
What avails a splendid sonnet or the
power of Pater's prose
When you need a snappy bonnet and
some powder on your nose?
Wise old Seniors! If you'd qualify,
Put your trust in Reboux and Chanel,
and keep your *compacte* dry.

O it's simply swell to have a line on
every royal king,
But to know you must not lead from
one is quite another thing.
To prate of Pope and Thomas Nashe
is utterly absurd,
When about them many men with
cash have never even heard.
Wise old Seniors! Let your light so
shine
That your partners won't need blinkers
when you're taken out to dine.

To the coiffeur for a permanent wave,
but, because of the considerable undulation which remains, he did admonish me to wait another month, so I did submit to nought but a quick trim, and left in the high spirits of

(Continued on Page 32)

CHESTER I. GARDNER



The Elevator

Get in, gentlemen, get in. There's always plenty of room at the top.

Good morning, Mr. Murphy. Yes, poor Ed. got fired. Too bad. He started in at the bottom of the ladder and then walked under it.

Nice weather, Mr. Cohen. I hear you got robbed the other day. But never mind. Some of these New York crooks are so dumb they get caught.

Call your floors, please. I haven't finished my course in mind-reading.

You said it, a correspondence course. You can get anything from a correspondence school except sales-resistance.

Oh, yes, lady, there is a thirteenth floor in this building; but they call it the fourteenth. That's just to give it a lucky break.

Did you get that dizzy blonde? Everything made up but her mind. She's just a poor stenographer trying to earn her own living by marrying the boss.

Going down! Don't be telling me how to run this car, please. No back-seat drivers allowed.

This is as far as you go, folks. Next stop the basement.

—W. W. Scott.



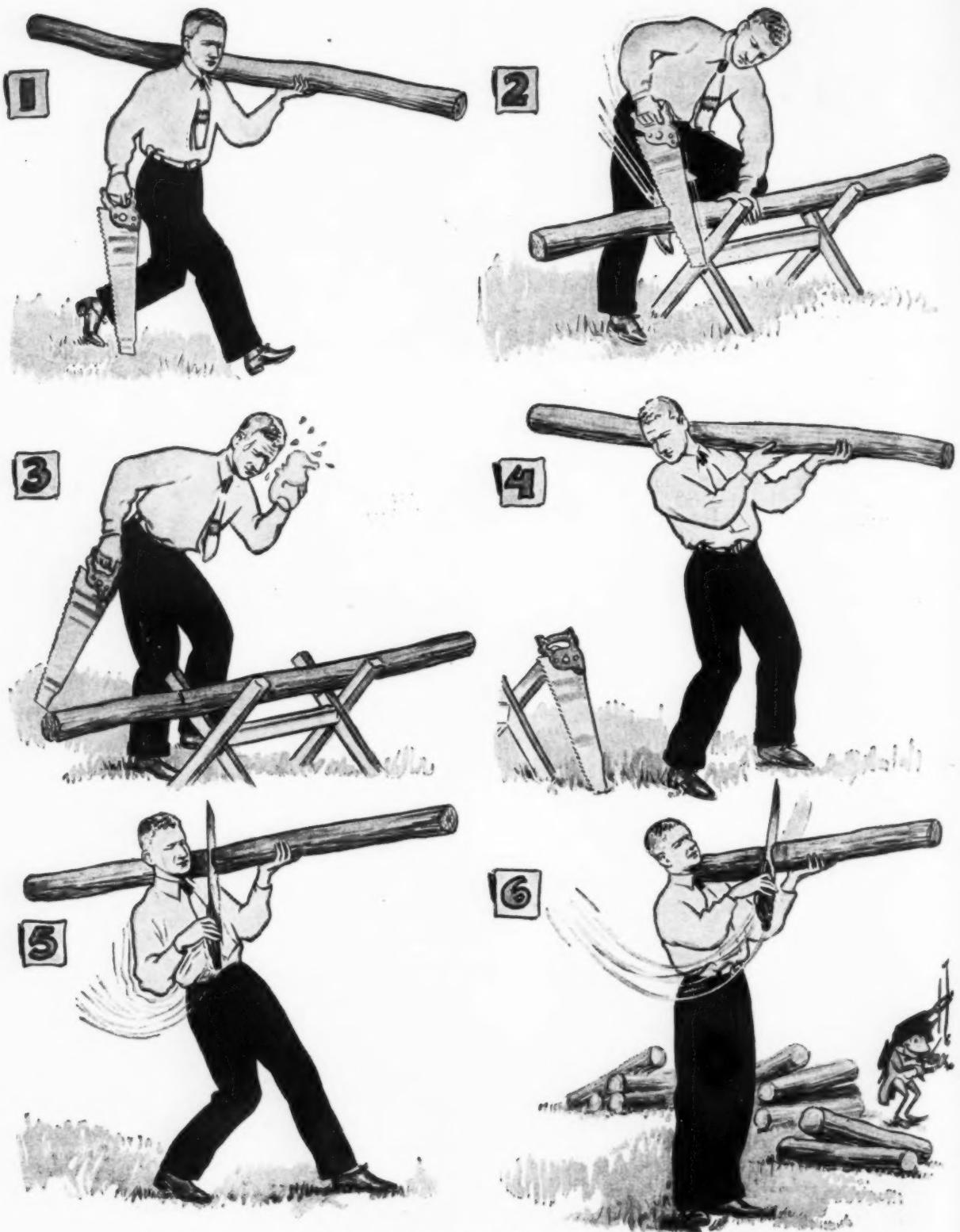
R.B. FULLER

"Officer! I'm the only one who can call my husband those names!"



"Can't reach that can o' tobacco, nohow. Cripes, hav I got to quit smokin'?"

OIN DOWN



Intimate moments with famous people.
Zimbalist cuts some cord wood.



SOUTHBRIDGE, Mass.—Principal Channing H. Greene sent home twenty-five girls of Mary E. Wells High School after he had lectured them on "immodesty in dress."

Mr. Greene said:

"If the parents of the Southbridge High girls do not make their daughters dress properly I will or they will not be students in my school."

CHICAGO—Joseph Kestler said he is afraid to work since the Jones law was enacted and asked to be excused from paying his wife temporary alimony during the time her divorce suit is pending. Kestler said he is a bartender by trade.

ROCKVILLE CENTER, N. Y.—"Never choke your girl friend, just shake her," Judge John S. Thorp admonished Frederick Engle, charged with assault in the third degree. Engle thought his arrest unfair. "I never said anything a month ago when she knocked my tooth out," he said.

BUFFALO—Federal Trade Commissioner Humphrey reports that more than \$500,000,000 is annually mulcted from the credulous by fake medicine advertisers. Fat women who want to reduce, and bald-headed men who crave hair, head the sucker list.

MILWAUKEE, Wis.—Fletcher Williams was getting the worst of an argument with his wife and, as he fled from the house, he pulled a fire alarm box at the corner. Three engine companies, two trucks and an assistant chief came to help him. The reinforcements cost him \$50, the fine imposed by the District court.

CHICAGO, Ill.—Police Commissioner William Russell has ordered 2,000 corpulent cops to reduce at least a pound a month. He says that slim policemen are more efficient, handsomer and healthier, and, incidentally, poorer targets for bullets.

NEW YORK—Donkey serum is the new life elixir produced by Dr. Constantine Leventis, a Greek physician, fellow of the American Medical Association. Dr. Leventis states that one shot of donkey serum reduces high blood-pressure, and made the aged stand right up on their hind legs. He has successfully experimented on five men, all over fifty, and a woman of fifty-two.

NEWARK, N. J.—A man walked up to the desk in the Fifth precinct station and announced that he was crazy. "That's nothing," answered Lieut. James Bell, "lots of people are." "Yeah, but I'm real crazy," said the visitor. Sure enough, he had escaped that afternoon from the Byberry Asylum in this city.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.—Celebrating their removal to new quarters a detachment of the fire department sat down to a special dinner, speeches and a general good time, but during the evening had to answer calls to five fires, all false alarms. *There must have been five speakers.*

HOBOKEN, N. J.—Because he says his bride is sixty-nine years old and not fifty-five, as she represented, Louis Dworkin has started suit for annulment in the Court of Chancery at Trenton.

LEBANON, Ind.—Sheriff L. M. Sandlin lost the keys to the cell block, so that when Emmet Scott was brought in to serve a three months' term, the sheriff gave him a set of hack-saws and kept him at work until he had sawed himself into a cell.

SACO, Me.—Miss Martha W. Fairfield celebrated her ninetieth birthday by taking an airplane ride. She was accompanied by her brother, John Fairfield, who is eighty-eight.

APPLETON, Wis.—In order to get around the recently adopted ninety-minute parking limit in the downtown section, business men are equipping their cars with alarm clocks. The clock is set on leaving the car. When it rings, the owner rushes out, moves his car up one parking space, and at the next alarm, moves his car back. So far the police haven't been able to find a loop-hole in the practice.

Life Abroad

WARSAW, Poland—Prince Vladimir Constantinovich, a nephew of the late Czar Nicholas of Russia, passed an examination as a taxicab driver and accepted a job at \$20 a week.

PARIS—The gambling dance has arrived as the latest Parisian fad.

The floor of the dance hall is marked out in numbered squares, like a roulette table. A roulette wheel spins on the wall. When it stops spinning the dance ends and the dancer who happens to be standing on the square corresponding to the number on the wheel wins.

LONDON—Mr. Charles Austin, comedian, was to follow an American mouth-organ band at the Palladium Theatre. The applause was so prolonged that after waiting three minutes he asked the audience if they wanted him to "go on with his turn," adding, "I am British."

ROME—A profound scholar of old Latin literature announces that beauty-culture was extensively practiced by the ancients. The flappers of that day dieted to reduce, wore corsets, took mud-baths and used lotions. Nero's wife used a skin remedy composed of ass's milk and dough.

Lif



Down on th

Life



on the Farm.

*Can you think of a Title
for this Picture?*

1st Prize \$500
2nd Prize \$250
3rd Prize \$100
4th to 9th Prizes
\$25 Each

Life in Washington

IT BEGINS to look as if Hoover were one of the neatest political tacticians we have ever had in the White House. The Senate, as you know, had insisted on the debenture farm-relief system after the President had condemned it. Here, they thought, was a chance to fracture that Hoover halo. Senator Johnson said he'd rather be a dog and bay the moon than follow Hoover's lead. The Senator from California got his wish when the Senate rode full tilt at the President, shut its eyes and waited for the crash. When the dust cleared they found that they had only collided with the House of Representatives, and that the Farm Bill, as the President wished it, was passed without any threat of a veto or challenge to the legislature. This snappy bit of political maneuvering has raised the prestige of the Presidency to a height it has not known since Wilson was smashed by the famous "little group of wilful men." So now there are good prospects of a sane solution of the tariff tangle.

Now that Ramsay MacDonald and Charles G. Dawes have talked navy and the British Premier plans to visit



Instructions on Page 35

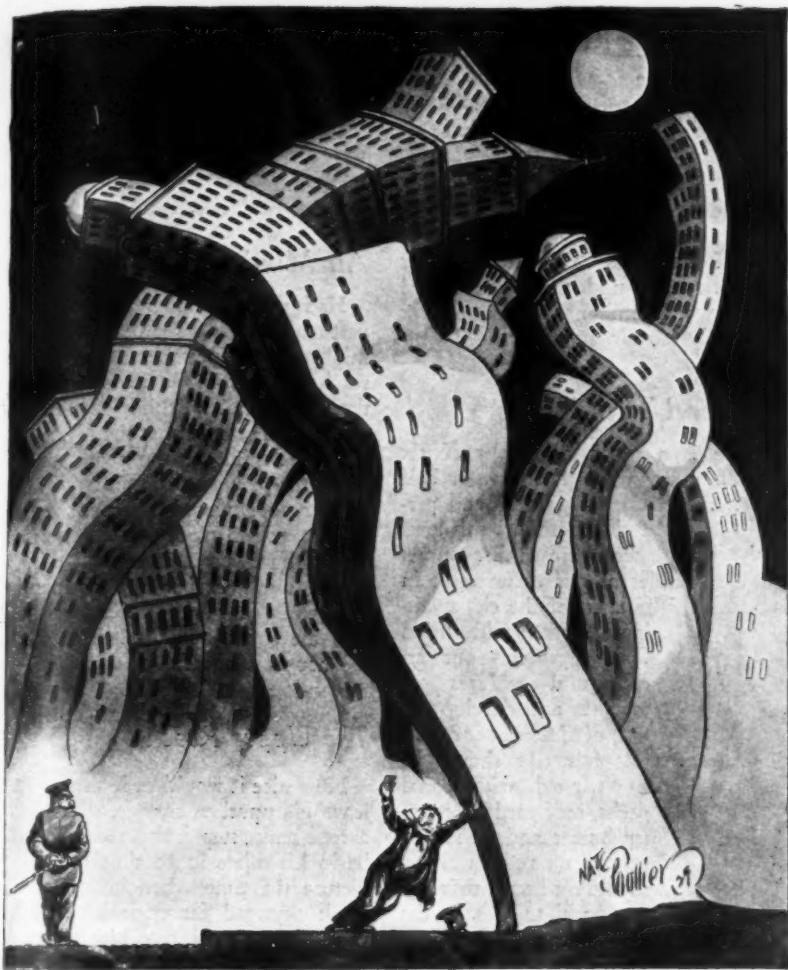


BLOTO: *No—I won't pay you a cent—there's something phoney about your meter!*

Washington, the biggest barrier to Anglo-Saxon cooperation appears to be melting. The British system of creating buffer and duffer states—we being in the latter category—has failed in our case; London has apparently surrendered its dream that America can be persuaded to subscribe to some "moral" arrangement which will be manifestly to our disadvantage. The tardy concession of diplomatic "parity" is the most important development in the naval-reduction programme.

Wetness is becoming more and more politically possible. The President from the first has been willing to be shown about Prohibition and the prohibition agents have certainly been showing him. A few more shootings like that of Virkula, and the noble experiment will begin to look too like national vivisection to be really popular.

—J. F.



"Hey, buddy, gimme a hand, will yuh?"

Mary Annecdotes

"I hear it's all off between Joe and his stuttering sweetie."

"Yeah, and darn good reason."

"How come?"

"He gave her a copy of Gertrude Stein for a birthday present!"

Speaking of literature, how's for getting up a society to choose the most popular censors, and call it the *Boob-of-the-Month Club*?

DRAMATIC NOTE: A couple of critics, it seems, met outside the lobby. And the first one says, "Hello, where you flitting to so early?" And the other retorts wearily, "Oh, just hither and yawn."

APROPPOS OF DRAMATIC CRITICS: To the pooh-er, all things are poor.

Those lynchings you read about down South aren't anything to worry about. They're just a bunch of good Klan fun.

Out West they're after the spiritualists again for hoaxing the public. The way of the trance-guesser is hard.

According to a dispatch from the farm country, a whole festive apiary got tight on a bushel of cider apples. "How doth the boozy little bee—?"

PROF. EINSTEIN (*ambling in at 4:00 A. M.*): Y'see, m'dear, it was like this: let x plus y equal th' square root of z divided by a square over $sqmxyz$ —

Mrs. E. (*haughtily*): Oh, don't try to explain!

"Come, a phrase containing sinew?"

"Who was that lady I sinew with last night?"

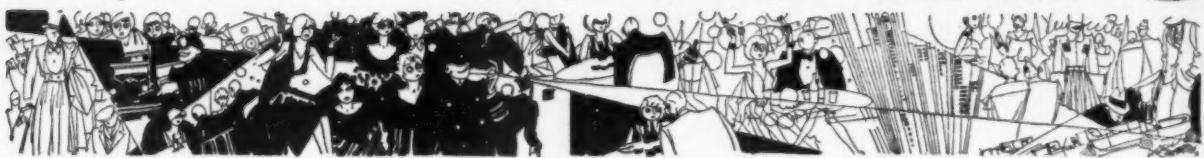
(Oh, oh, I wasn't in-tendon to pull that one! . . . But anyhow, I'm all thew now.) —*Mary-Ann.*

Many a good golf shot has been ruined by a passing thought of business.



ADVERTISING EXECUTIVE: Is there any way I can make you breakfast-conscious?

New York Life



The Top of New York

NEW York City is very much like a college boy . . . it is developed everywhere but on top . . . its underground network is an engineering miracle, its streets and parks a matter of civic pride and its stores and buildings the finest in the world, but above it is a veritable waste-

land of dirty roofs, chimneys and water tanks . . . an undeveloped aerial desert worth millions, a lofty *Sahara* with only too few oases.

Looking Upward

Here is a great metropolis of six million people with less than a half dozen first-class roof gardens and perhaps a dozen roof bungalows . . . here are miles upon miles of real estate right in the heart of the city awaiting a pioneer with vision . . . why don't our architectural geniuses get together and develop the top of *Manhattan*? . . . this fair city should be crowned with aerial parks, roof gardens, country homes and clubs and golf courses . . . why should an hour's drive be necessary to reach the great outdoors when it is quite possible to shoot skyward and reach the great updoors in a few minutes?



The
St. Regis
Roof

Air Minded

Had we progressed above in the past ten years as we have below, a man might now step into an elevator and reach the *Sky-High Country Club* in three minutes . . . think of the added time he might spend at the Nineteenth hole . . . think of the sporty courses he might play atop the town . . . skyscraper tops would be connected by bridges and in place of water holes he would have street holes . . . this, of course, might be hard on the man below when a golfer dubbed his ball into the street, but after all golf balls are not as dangerous as taxicabs.

The Upper Reaches

How nice it would be if a man could leave his upurban cottage, stroll across a roof park, step into an elevator and be in his office in no time at all . . . picture the time when buildings will reach skyward far enough to be beyond the pale of prohibition . . . no more will it be necessary to go to *Montreal* or *Bermuda* or *Europe* . . . simply step into an express elevator and say to the operator "Full speed to *Dinty Moore's!*"

The Higher Life

Bermuda suggests the idea that vehicular traffic in this astral upurb might be restricted to bicycles and with the return of the two-wheeler who knows but what there might be a revival of other old-fashioned things? . . . the rarified air might go to the heads of our womenfolk and again we might see the modest old-fashioned girl on a bicycle built for two . . . the slat flapper with her rouge and "it" and vo de o do might disappear, the society matron with her politics and advertising endorse-

ments might turn to growing old gracefully . . . after all, this ascent to Olympus might be just what we need . . . in such an atmosphere our thoughts might aspire to higher things than money-making, bull markets, psychoanalysis, sex and jazz . . . but then, probably my head is in the clouds.

Manhattan Madness

Polo has never been played at the Polo Grounds . . . The Lambs club is full of hams . . . Grand Central Station is on the East side of the city . . . there's nothing grand about the Grand Concourse . . . a cover charge doesn't cover anything . . . a dramatic critic can't write a good play . . . a box-office contains no front row tickets . . . there are no roses in Roseland . . . The World is flat . . . the New Yorker is read by Out-of-towners . . . the New Amsterdam is a very old theatre . . . the Great White Way is mostly red, yellow and blue . . . Jimmy Walker seldom walks.

Manna-About-Town

The St. Regis Roof . . . the new ice cubes with dice dots on them . . . a great summer drink—iced coffee with gin in it . . . the sepia show "Hot Chocolates" . . . Lee Chumley's place in the village decorated with Book Jackets . . . Winchell's column in the

Mirror . . . le coq d'or up in Norwalk . . . Lover's Lane in the subway at Times Square . . . the asinity of women in Beach pajamas . . . the tune "Moanin' Low."

Heroes

Distinguished Service medal herewith handed to Conductor of Eighth Avenue street car No. 19 . . . this gentleman left his platform, removed his hat and coat, stopped the traffic and escorted a two hundred and fifty pound lady to the curb . . . and you wise-crackin' N.Y. wakers say there's no chivalry!



The Biltmore Cascades.

The Japanese Gardens atop the Ritz.



Theatre · by O. O. McIntyre



NICE Women" is a corking little comedy for what we alliterative ah-ahs call the torrid term. Hot weather usually brings an assortment of comedy about as gay as the window display of a surgical shop. But this one is a honey.

Its première also gave me my first close-up of a theatre panic in the agonizing throes of birth. It was no place for a gink with "second company" nerves. In the middle of the second act there was a crackling sound and the theatre filled with an acrid smell suggesting a switch engine, or a pair of blazing gum boots.

The audience sat electrically taut while the players struggled bravely with their lines. I tried to repeat that one-legged poetical thing at the mast-head of every program: "Look around now and choose the exit nearest to your seat. In case of fire, walk (not run) to that exit. Do not try to beat your neighbor to the street."

But all I could think of was the Iroquois disaster. In the breathless suspense, a man and woman in the first row suddenly dashed for the entrance. The house half arose and in a few more seconds we would have been hip-deep in panic.

It was then that handsome Robert Warwick stepped out of his part and up to the footlights with: "Please, ladies and gentlemen, there is nothing wrong in this theatre." At that exact moment he became my favorite leading man—with love and kisses.

Despite this handicap, the audience caught up with the play and I even

permitted myself the luxury of a laugh through the sickly green pallor. Not a boisterous chuckle, mind you, but a faint little trill that wasn't half bad, considering.

At the next intermission I pinched up my cheeks and joined some of my critical co-slaves on the sidewalk. We exchanged nifties and deplored that some of the ladies seemed quite nervous during the silly excitement. You know how women are!

"Nice Women" has a theme as old as your pet hill but that didn't matter for it is packed with chuckles. It

copping the swag. In the end she and the middle-aged rounder discover that they are in love.

The dramatic high spot was a brief scene when Robert Warwick and Verree Teasdale—man and discarded mistress—take stock of their burnt out lives. This was executed with superb gloss. Miss Teasdale is headed for stardom or I'm not the critic *LIFE* pays me all those gorgeous nickels to be.

Robert Warwick clings to several outmoded theatrically heavy gestures but he's a slick actor just the same.

"Adam's Apple" tries to be a farce-comedy of Wall Street. It only succeeds in being the most stupid ringle dangle of the summer. It doesn't hold a candle to "Sparks, or Fun in a Photographic Gallery" on Price's Floating Opera.

I have been criticized several times for walking out on such theatrical foofies but I hereby warn producers of such piffle that I will no longer tip-toe quietly up the aisle. I'm going to go hissing, booing and yelling yanah, yanah, yanah.

A dramatic critic may be of no especial importance—I've been listening in—but they are entirely too important to sit around agonizing with actors who go up in their lines and muffle their cues.

"Adam's Apple" was as dull from start to finish as a *Saturday Evening Post* editorial on the tariff. And where I sit—the Ritz, three flights up, ring Mulligan's bell—I can think up nothing duller.

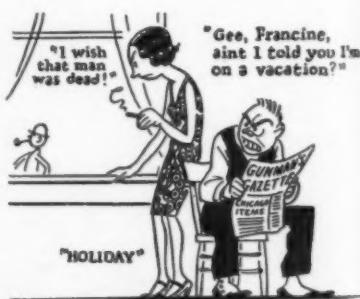


concerns a rich and shop-worn bachelor's search for the "nice woman." Mr. Warwick was the bachelor.

He selects for his mate the pretty daughter of an employee who has been living beyond his means. The daughter is in love with a poor youth—a little sappy but clean. Yet she is willing to sacrifice herself to keep the home fires burning.

But the fun of the evening was provided by Sylvia Sidney—a new one to me. She was the flapper sister, a brittle, robin-pert minx who knew all the answers. Rebuked for smoking she cries: "With other girls my age being tried for murdering sweethearts in pent-houses, I should be criticized for puffing a cigarette." That gives you an idea.

The flapper was strong for giving her sister's boy friend the "office" and



Movies • by Harry Evans



"Four Feathers"

THE reasons for the recommendation of "Four Feathers" by this department may be placed in two groups. One is a group of baboons photographed as they are crossing a swinging bridge which falls and precipitates them in the water where they struggle for their lives; and the other is a group of hippopotamuses (or is it—potami?) shown diving into the water from a steep bank in an effort to escape a jungle fire. These remarkable scenes were photographed in Africa by Marian Cooper and Ernest Schoedsack, the two men who produced those jungle epics, "Chang" and "Grass," and without the photography supplied by these gentlemen, "Four Feathers" would have been just another silent movie.

It may be interesting for you to know that the actors who play in this picture have never laid eyes on some of the authentic African scenery that serves as a background during sequences in which the cast is shown in the foreground. By a comparatively new process it is now possible to photograph scenery and later superimpose the action of players. In other words, Richard Arlen, Clive Brook, Fay Wray and William Powell appear to be doing their acting in the heart of Africa, whereas they really went through these scenes in Hollywood against blank backgrounds. The trick of combining the Hollywood acting and African scenery has been done so skillfully that the completed film shows no evi-

dence of having been doctored.

The story, which is an adaptation of the Mason novel, tells an almost unbelievable story of heroism. The conduct of a young British officer leads his friends to believe he is a coward, and he is presented with a white feather by three of his fellow officers and his fiancée. In expiation he goes to Africa and accomplishes three exceptional deeds of valour in a campaign against native tribesmen. Richard Arlen (whose mustache makes him look very much like Ronald Colman) gives an excellent performance

second. However, it must be said for all the principals that they make the most of the opportunities offered them to compete with the interesting performance of the baboons and hippopotamuses (or—potami).

"The Fall of Eve"

Any motion picture built around the ancient bedroom situations that serve as a plot for "The Fall of Eve" is bound to creak audibly, and the fact that the players manage to create enough merriment on occasion to drown out the creaks is a definite point in their favor. It is the old story about a man and woman who are forced by circumstances to pretend they are married, and then have to go to bed (in a nice way) to prove it.

The dialogue by Frederick and Fanny Hatton does not sparkle with any great degree of consistency, and as a consequence the actors work like the deuce in an effort to produce laughs out of lines and situations that are not humorous.

Patsy Ruth Miller's efforts at comedy are amateurish at times, a fault which must be laid at the door of the person responsible for the casting. She has a pleasant speaking voice and in a suitable rôle she may do commendable talkie work. Ford Sterling weakens an otherwise consistent performance by overacting badly in his intoxicated scenes. Bessie Farrington, on the other hand, is not funny until she gets that way.

We must warn you not to be misled by the title. There is nothing in "The Fall of Eve" about apples.

Fair entertainment.



as the dashing hero, though at times he is inclined to be a bit too dramatic.

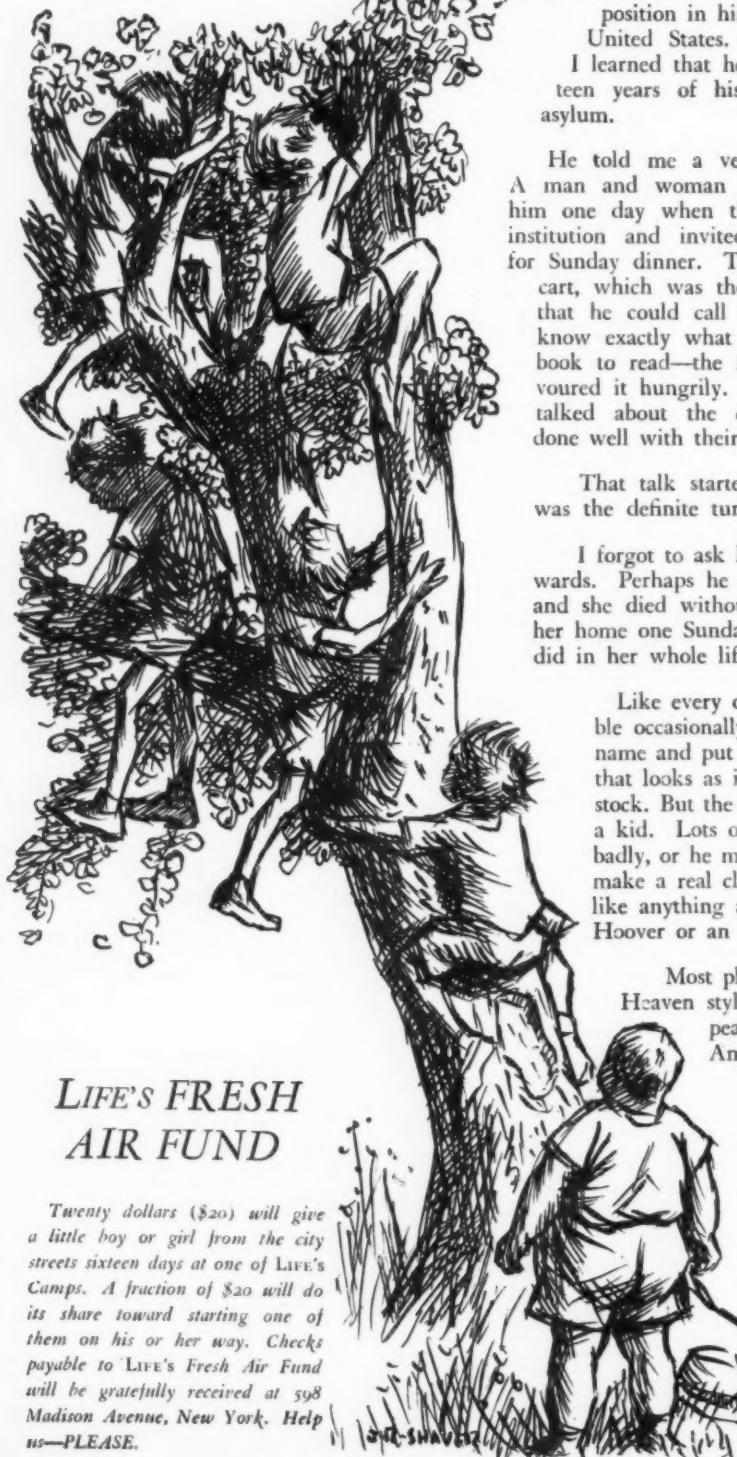
One of the most unusual scenes this reviewer has witnessed is the one in which hundreds of the natives are shown mounting their camels and riding off into battle formation. This sequence is made more effective by the use of the magnascope, a device which increases the size of the pictures and increases the visibility of detail in mob actions.

The photographic work of Cooper and Schoedsack overshadows the efforts of the actors to such an extent that the plot is forced to run a poor

Being A Bull on Kids

by

BRUCE BARTON



LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND

Twenty dollars (\$20) will give a little boy or girl from the city streets sixteen days at one of LIFE's Camps. A fraction of \$20 will do its share toward starting one of them on his or her way. Checks payable to LIFE's Fresh Air Fund will be gratefully received at 598 Madison Avenue, New York. Help us—PLEASE.

THE other day I talked to a man who occupies the highest position in his particular line in the United States. For the first time I learned that he spent the first thirteen years of his life in an orphan asylum.

He told me a very interesting thing. A man and woman in Washington saw him one day when they were visiting the institution and invited him to their house for Sunday dinner. The woman gave him a toy cart, which was the first thing he had ever had that he could call his own. After dinner she did not know exactly what to do with him so she gave him a book to read—the first book he had ever had. He devoured it hungrily. Later, she sat down beside him and talked about the characters in the book—which ones had done well with their lives and which ones had failed, and why.

That talk started the boy on an entirely new line of thought; it was the definite turning point in his life.

I forgot to ask him whether he ever told the woman about it afterwards. Perhaps he did, and she got a big thrill. Perhaps he did not, and she died without ever suspecting that this very casual incident in her home one Sunday afternoon was the most important thing she ever did in her whole life.

Like every other American in these stirring times I like to gamble occasionally. I like to pick out a horse with a good sounding name and put a few pennies on him. I like to pick out a company that looks as if it were well managed and buy a few shares of its stock. But the most exciting gamble in the world is to put a bet on a kid. Lots of times you lose, of course. The kid may turn out badly, or he may be just mediocre. But every once in a while you make a real clean-up. Some ragged little urchin that doesn't look like anything at all turns out to be an Abe Lincoln or a Herbert Hoover or an Al Smith.

Most pleas for charity are written in the mother, home and Heaven style; I have written several such myself. But my appeal for LIFE's Fresh Air Fund is to the good sports of America—the business men who have put down a good big bet on American industries and have made a clean-up in the last few years. I suggest that they can get a big kick out of buying a few kids at the LIFE Farm.

You just can't tell what you are going to get. Maybe the kid that you send there won't amount to anything in after life; maybe, on the other hand, he may turn out to be a winner, and the little push that you gave him may be the turning point.

You've had a lot of fun making your money. Come on now and have some fun giving a little away. Be a bull on kids.



LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND

LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND has been in operation for the past forty-two years. In that time it has expended \$476,000.00 and has given a happy holiday in the country to 52,000 poor city children.

Twenty dollars, approximately, pays for such a holiday for some poor child from the crowded, hot city. Won't you help?

Contributions (which are acknowledged in LIFE about four weeks after their receipt) should be made payable to LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND, and sent to 598 Madison Avenue, New York.

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(Continued on Page 33)



Confidential Guide



Drama

- ★**BROTHERS.** *Forty-eighth Street.* \$3.00—Sat. & Hol. \$3.85—Bert Lytell's handsome profile in the drawing room and speakeasy.
- CHIPIES.** *Belmont*—Very tart.
- DECISION.** *Forty-ninth Street*—Should be decided soon.
- ★**JOURNEY'S END.** *Henry Miller's.* \$3.00—An epic of the trenches. See it.
- ★**STREET SCENE.** *Playhouse.* \$3.85—Sat. & Hol. \$3.85—Al Jolson has seen it ten times.
- THE PERFECT ALIBI.** *Charles Hopkins*—You are hep to the mystery right off, which is a new idea.
- ★**THE LOVE DUEL.** *Ethel Barrymore.* \$3.85—Miss Barrymore is the star.
- THE JADE GOD.** *Cort*—Oriental blah.
- ★**THE CAMEL THROUGH THE NEEDLE'S EYE.** *Guild.* \$3.00—Sat. & Hol. \$3.85—Miriam Hopkins as a Slovak Cinderella.

Comedy

- ★**BIRD IN HAND.** *Moroso.* \$3.00—Sat. & Hol. \$3.85—English countryside fun by John Drinkwater.
- ★**JONESY.** *Bijou.* \$3.00—Sat. Hol. \$3.85—Donald Meek has a collegiate son who is a case.
- ★**LITTLE ACCIDENT.** *Ambassador.* \$3.00—Sat. Hol. \$3.85—Hospital high jinks over a birth.
- ★**LET US BE GAY.** *Little.* \$4.40—Ripping Long Island smart talk. Francine Larrimore.
- ★**MY GIRL FRIDAY.** *Republic.* \$3.00—Fast lines.
- NICE WOMEN.** *Longacre*—Reviewed in this issue.
- ★**SKIDDING.** *Bayes.* \$3.00—Fiddle-faddle.
- ★**SHE GOT WHAT SHE WANTED.** *Wallacks.* \$3.00—Sat. & Hol. \$3.85—And didn't care for it.

Eye and Ear

- A NIGHT IN VENICE.** *Shubert*—It has Ted Healy and he's a wow.
- ★**FOLLOW THRU.** *Forty-sixth Street.* \$3.50—Sat. & Hol. \$6.60—Lively with a Golf theme.
- ★**HOLD EVERYTHING.** *Broadhurst.* \$3.50—The one that made Bert Lahr.
- ★**THE GRAND STREET FOLLIES.** *Booth.* \$4.40—The East Side goes High-brow.
- ★**THE NEW MOON.** *Imperial.* \$3.50—Sat. & Hol. \$6.60—The best singing in town.
- ★**THE LITTLE SHOW.** *Music Box.* \$4.40—Sat. & Hol. \$3.50—The best of the revues.
- ★**WHOOPEE.** *New Amsterdam.* \$6.60—Eddie Cantor as Mr. Ziegfeld's nervous wreck.

July Openings

- ★**THE SKETCH BOOK.** *Earl Carroll Theatre*—Sketches written by Eddie Cantor, with Will Mahoney, the Phelps Sisters, William Demarest, Lillian Roth and others.
- ★**THE SHOW GIRL.** *Ziegfeld Theatre*—A musical comedy of J. P. McEvoy's book. Book by William Anthony McGuire, music by George Gershwin, lyrics by Gus Kahn and Ira Gershwin. Cast includes Ruby Keeler, Clayton Jackson and Durante, Eddie Foy Jr., Harriet Hoctor, Duke Ellington's Cotton Club orchestra and others.
- ★**BROADWAY NIGHTS**—A revue by Edgar Smith and Harold Atteridge. Musical score by Sam Timberg and Lee David. Cast includes, Dr. Rockwell, Odette Mytil, Frank Gaby and others.
- WILD BIRDS**—A revival of Dan Totheroh's play. With Elmer Grandin, Florence Gerald, Joseph Dailey and others.

★See paragraphs below.

Life's Ticket Service

HOW LIFE READERS CAN GET GOOD
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PRICES

★We render this service without profit solely in the interest of our readers.

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★Good seats are available for attractions above indicated by stars and at prices noted.

All orders for tickets must reach Life Office at least seven days before date of performance. Check for exact amount must be attached to each Purchase Order.

Receipt will be sent to purchaser by return mail. This must be presented at the box-office on the evening of the performance.

IN ORDER TO KEEP TICKETS OUT OF THE HANDS OF TICKET-SCALPERS SEATS WILL BE HELD AT THE BOX-OFFICE AND WILL NOT BE RELEASED UNTIL AFTER EIGHT O'CLOCK ON THE NIGHT OF THE PERFORMANCE.

In selecting attractions, purchasers are asked to send two alternative choices of shows with each selection, in case Life's quota of seats

Movies

- FOUR FEATHERS.** (SILENT) *Paramount*—Worth while for the remarkable animal photography by Marian Cooper and Ernest Schoedsack. Reviewed in this issue.
- THE FALL OF EVE.** (TALKIE) *Columbia*—Bedroom farce with Ford Sterling and Patsy Ruth Miller. Reviewed in this issue.
- HONKY TONK.** (TALKIE) *Warner Brothers*—Sophie Tucker is good but the picture is not.
- THIS IS HEAVEN.** (TALKING SEQUENCES) *United Artists*—Vilma Banky's beauty is the one recommendation.
- FATHER AND SON.** (TALKING SEQUENCES) *Columbia*—Mickey McBan is great, but the rest is not so good.
- THE COCONUTS.** (TALKIE) *Paramount*—The Marx Brothers and a flock of hilarious wise cracks. Lots of fun.
- BROADWAY.** (TALKIE) *Universal*—Another fine dramatic vehicle mutilated through contact with the pretentious talkies. Some of the photography is exceptionally good.
- ON WITH THE SHOW.** (TALKIE) *Warner Brothers*—An effective extravaganza done in the Ziegfeld manner. The color photography is beautiful.
- MADAME X.** (TALKIE) *Metro-Goldwyn*—Ruth Chatterton in a swell picture.
- A DANGEROUS WOMAN.** (TALKIE) *Paramount*—Fair sex stuff about the dangerous fair sex.
- THE PAGAN.** (SOUND) *Metro-Goldwyn*—Entertaining South Sea stuff with Ramon Novarro going through the motions of singing the theme song. If he does the singing his voice is not as good as advertised.
- THE SQUALL.** (TALKIE) *First National Vitaphone*—Appropriately titled. One of the very bad ones.
- BUDDY DRUMMOND.** (TALKIE) *Samuel Goldwyn*—See it by all means. Ronald Colman is one of the best speaking performers.

(Continued on Page 30)

for that performance is exhausted. Remittance will have to cover the cost of the highest priced seats asked for. Any excess amount will be refunded.

Life will be glad to make appropriate selections for purchasers if they will indicate with order the type of show preferred and remit amount to cover top prices. Any excess amount will be refunded by return mail.

NO ORDERS FOR SEATS TAKEN OVER THE TELEPHONE.

No money refunded on orders without seven days' notice.

YOUR LINCOLN WILL BE EQUALLY AT HOME
IN NEWPORT OR MEDICINE BOW



An open car that combines grace and beauty of contour, with unusually happy effect

SUMMER takes the measure of a motor car. In the mountains, in the deserts, at the watering places . . . wherever tired city dwellers seek the sun and air. If it has failings, it will show them there.

That is why so many Lincoln owners fail at first to realize how really fine a motor car they drive. Its effortless performance on smooth city streets has given no indication of its powers. The first real test comes almost as a revelation.

Once in the open, the Lincoln

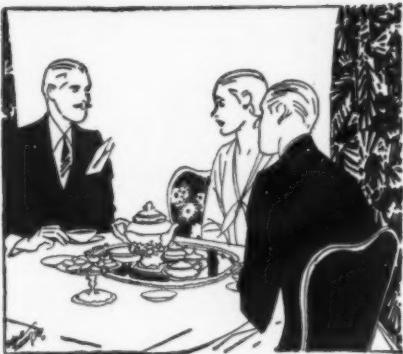
shows its mettle. It is powerful. It is fast. Vibration has been reduced almost to the vanishing point. It is extremely commodious and comfortable . . . easy to steer and safe to drive. It needs no breaking in. It holds the road.

To the man who spends the greater part of his vacation in his car, these things are important. And to the man who takes his Lincoln to a resort and keeps it there, it is equally important and gratifying to see how smart it looks . . . how

creditably it reflects his taste. For the Lincoln represents the skill of such custom coachmakers as Dietrich . . . Judkins . . . Locke . . . Willoughby . . . Le Baron . . . Brunn. It is a beautifully constructed motor car, inside and out.

It is because of their faith in the Lincoln that its makers urge upon every Lincoln owner the most extensive use of his car this summer . . . knowing that it will make its sure and rich return of pleasure . . . of satisfaction . . . of loyalty.

THE LINCOLN



No one needs to give up friendly coffee

So MANY people enjoy to the fullest their breakfast coffee—and yet strictly deny themselves its flavor and cheer at the evening meal. And all because ordinary coffee contains a drug that often upsets sleep.

If they only knew it—how unnecessary! For there's a coffee, today, that lets you sleep. A coffee with 97% of this drug caffeine removed. Kaffee Hag Coffee will not disturb your nerves nor keep you awake.

Kellogg's* Kaffee Hag Coffee is not a substitute. In fact, there's no purer, more satisfying coffee on the market. It's a blend of several of the world's choicest coffees. Mellow, full-strength, heartening.

Try Kaffee Hag Coffee. All the family can drink this delicious coffee morning, noon and even at night, without harm. And what could be more welcome to the coffee lover who has been putting up with substitutes!

Kaffee Hag Coffee comes in sealed cans. Steel cut or in the bean. Sold by dealers everywhere. Served in hotels, restaurants, on diners. Let us send you a generous trial can. Mail the coupon.

KAFFEE HAG CORPORATION
1900 Davenport Ave., Cleveland, Ohio

Please send me, postpaid, enough Kaffee Hag to make ten cups of good coffee. I enclose ten cents (stamps or coin).

Name _____
Address _____

* Now a *Kellogg* product

**KAFFEE
HAG
COFFEE**



The coffee that lets you sleep

Confidential Guide

(Continued from Page 28)

Country Night Clubs

ARROWHEAD INN. Riverside Ave. Nice place. (*Out B'way to 246*)

PELHAM HEATH INN. Good place. (*Pelham Parkway*)

POST LODGE. Good place, good music. (*Post Road past New Rochelle*)

SHOWPLACE. Valley Stream, "Tex" Guinan's new home. (*Merrick Road*)

PAVILLION ROYAL. Nice place, good crowd. (*Merrick Road*)

WINDBEAM CABIN, near Montclair. Great place. (*Holland Tunnel to Montclair, Pompton Turnpike to Riverdale*)

CANARY COTTAGE. Madison. Nice. (*Holland Tunnel to Madison*)

BLUE HILLS PLANTATION. Plainfield. Very nice. (*Holland Tunnel to Plainfield*)

Dance Numbers

(Sheet Music)

"Hut In Hoboken" (*Little Show*)

"Moanin' Low" (*Little Show*)

"Can't We Be Friends" (*Little Show*)

"Or What Have You" (*Little Show*)

"One In The World" (*No show*)

"Love Lady" (*No show*)

"One Sweet Kiss" (*No show*)

Records

I'M DOING WHAT I'M DOING FOR LOVE—(2)

I'M FEATHERING A NEST (*Victor*)

Sophie Tucker's latest.

LOWDOWN RHYTHM—(2) GOTTA' FEELIN' FOR YOU (*Columbia*)

Just mean and very hot.

S'POSIN—(2) THE ONE IN THE WORLD (*Victor*)

The voice that charmed 1,000,000 women.

KIDDIES KABARET—(2) AN EYFUL OF YOU (*Columbia*)

(1) Light and peppy.

(2) Slick tune, vocal chorus.

LONESOME ROAD—(2) SUSIANNA (*Victor*)

(1) Dreamy, soft fox-trot.

(2) Lowdown blues.

BABY WHERE CAN YOU BE—(2) I KISS YOUR

HAND MADAME (*Columbia*)

Bing Crosby singing, and it's grand.

Cellarette, sideboard or ocean steamer kit is incomplete without Abbott's Bitters. Aids digestion. Sample by mail, 25 cts. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

Last week a member of a jazz band hit the conductor on the head with a saxophone. After all, there's a use for everything.

—Humorist.

In a Pinch, use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

FAMILY FRIEND: So your boy got his B. A. and M. A. before leaving college?

HIS HOST: Yes, indeed; but his PA still supports him.

—Answers.

NEW YORK to and from **CALIFORNIA**

13 days of Romance on The Recreation Route

If life seems a trifle drab, why not transform yourself into a completely new person, by sailing The Recreation Route between New York and California? Finest, fastest ships—*NEW Virginia* and *California* (largest American-built steamers), and the popular *S.S. Mongolia*. Route: New York, Havana, Panama Canal, San Diego (Coronado Beach), Los Angeles, San Francisco—in either direction. The new *S.S. Pennsylvania* sails westbound on her maiden voyage Oct. 19.

Round Trips, One Way Water, One Way Rail. Home town back to home town again. Steamer either way. Choice of rail routes across continent. Reduced summer rates are effective now.

For full information address No. 1 Broadway, New York; 180 No. Michigan Ave., Chicago; 460 Market St., San Francisco; our offices elsewhere or authorized steamship or railroad agents.

Panama Pacific
Line

International Mercantile Marine Company



There's a Real Old Sea Dog Air About a Corsair

Corsair Cruisers and Crusader are 30 feet of just plain "saltiness" . . . with a jaunty sweep to their lines and romance in their every plank. They are designed and built by men who know the water for those who love the thrill of it. Get out on the water in a Corsair . . . and let the whip of the wind and the slap of the waves roll back the years. If there's no dealer nearby to give you a ride, write for our complete illustrated catalog L-7.



CORSAIR BOAT CO.

1030 Buhl Building
DETROIT, MICHIGAN

Brutal Sales Policies

Brutal and dangerous sales policies of competitors, working an inhuman hardship on the sorely tried tobacco trade, cannot halt the success of Lucky Strike. Lucky Strike, the choice of experts, is now the favorite of millions. Public testimony of those whose voices are precious, of those who keep trim, of those who prize the slender figure of fashion, and 20,679* physicians substantiate the benefits of the secret toasting process. The quality of Lucky Strike merits public approval as it won expert commendation.

*The figures quoted have been checked and certified to by LYBRAND, ROSS BROS. AND MONTGOMERY, Accountants and Auditors.

(SIGNED)

George W. Hill
President,
The American Tobacco Company, Incorporated

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The American
Tobacco Co.,
Manufacturers

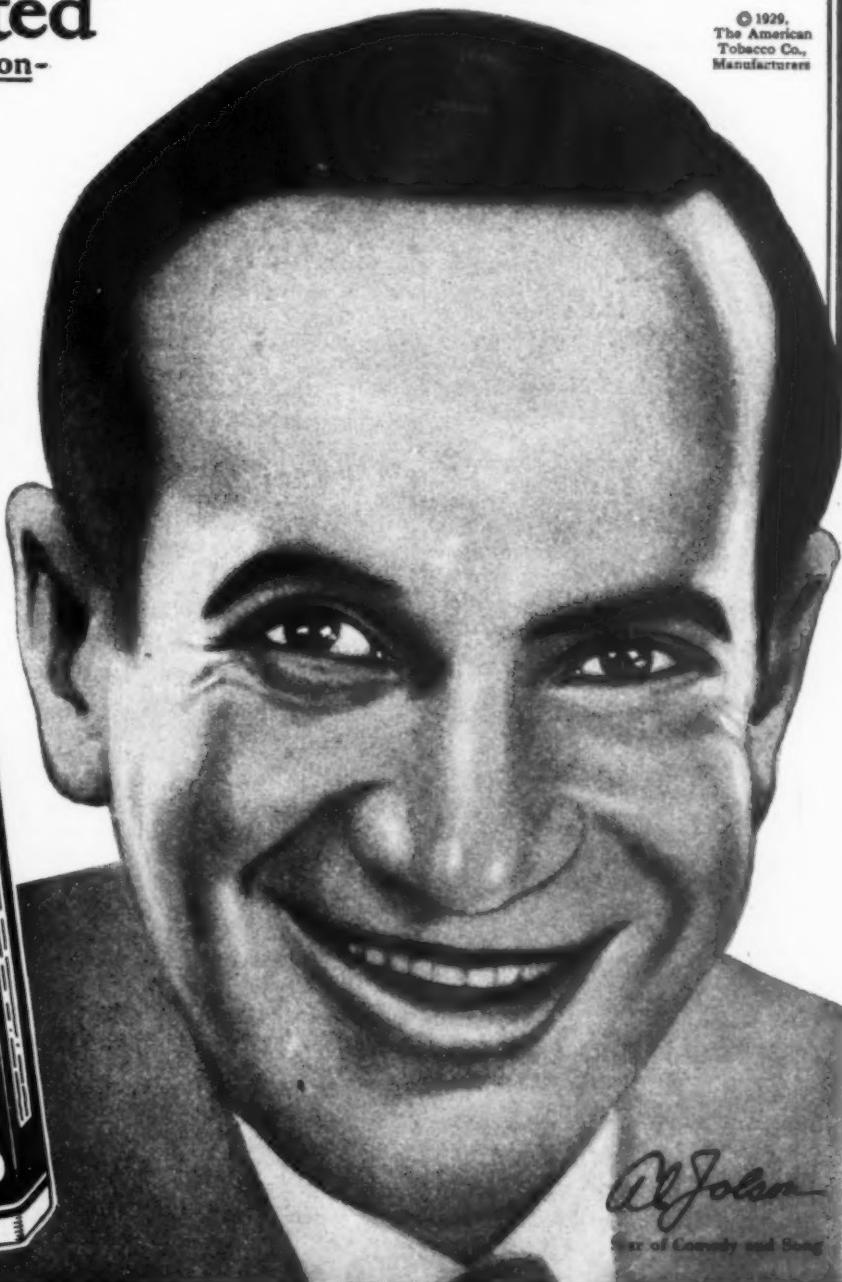
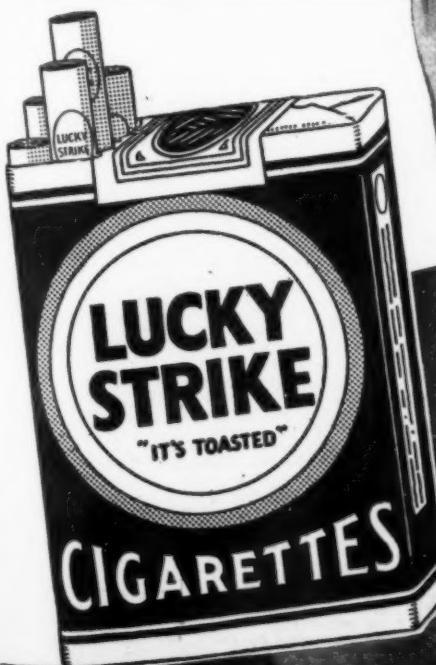
"It's toasted"

No Throat Irritation-
No Cough.

The Lucky Strike Dance Orchestra will continue every Saturday night in a coast to coast radio hook-up over the N. B. C. network.

To maintain a slender figure, no one can deny the truth of the advice:

**"REACH FOR A
LUCKY INSTEAD
OF A SWEET."**





A GREAT LINER, THE AQUITANIA

A SHIP WITH A PERSONALITY

"If you possibly can, cross in the Aquitania," people say. And they are not thinking only of her two flower-filled garden-lounges overhanging the sea; or the deft, cheerful service of her perfectly trained English staff; or the fact that the Aquitania's famous à la carte service is available without any extra charge.

They are thinking rather of the special charm that differentiates the Aquitania, that something which wins the loyal devotion of so many people and which is difficult to define. Something that gives vitality to her days and animation to her evenings . . . making the six-day voyage from New York to Cherbourg or Southampton the "pleasantest distance" between two worlds.

"If you possibly can, cross in the Aquitania."

TO FRANCE AND ENGLAND

BERENGARIA July 16 • Aug. 7 • Aug. 28
MAURETANIA July 24 • Aug. 16 • Sep. 4
AQUITANIA July 31 • Aug. 21 • Sep. 11

CUNARD LINE



See Your Local Agent

THE SHORTEST BRIDGE TO EUROPE

Mrs. Pep's Diary

(Continued from Page 14)

the small boy who hears that the schoolhouse has burned down. Then off to buy a light top-coat, and it did somehow come out in my conversation with the saleswoman that her mother is afflicted with my own malady and is a patient of the great Dr. Joslin in Boston, by whose manual I do assemble every bite that I eat, and the interview did prove so fascinating that even the fashions were forgotten and I was easily persuaded to spend one hundred and fifteen dollars for a garment on which I had planned to lay out no more than fifty. Being obliged to fill in a blank cheque because of having no account at that shop, I was at some pains, as usual, to remember the name of my bank, which has merged thrice in recent years, and did feel, as I affixed my signature, that the manager must be taking me for the blackest of crooks. Luncheon at a publick with Emmy Arnold, who told me how her octogenarian father wanted nought for his birthday save a large bundle of old umbrellas, a story to which he does stick in spite of her earnest supplications, since it does so frequently come on to rain when his friends drop in to see him. Reading this afternoon in "Little Caesar," a fine taylor of crime in Chicago about Chicago gangsters, I was impressed with the discretion of the foreword, "The characters and events in this book are entirely imaginary."

Inspiration

(Continued from Page 7)

"So I don't never leave that clippin' off me. Because it's wonderful. I mean, look what that pome done to a guy. He's a sissy and a crummy. Then he gets this published, that everybody says is great. And it turns him into a new guy, and a hero. It's like he growed a soul, ain't it? Believe me, it's a inspiration. Now, read it."

I took it from him, and began to read:

"I will be the gladdest thing
Under the sun.
I will touch a hundred flowers,
And not pick one—"
"Why!—," I said, "It's—"
"Sure!" he agreed, shaking his head.
"That's the grandest thing about it!
That's the crazy, wonderful thing
about yuman bein's. Think what that pome did! And a fella two years ago told me it was wrote just before the war by some dame name of Millay."

7 Joyful Days' Cruise

On 4 Great Lakes
and
Georgian Bay
(4000 ISLANDS)

A restful and exhilarating 2000 mile trip over beautiful waterways with alluring scenery en route. Drive around historic Mackinac Island, see the Indians at Canadian village of Parry Sd. Take the sight-seeing bus at Detroit and Chicago. See Cleveland—spend a full day at Buffalo and gaze in wonder at Niagara Falls, the world's greatest cataract.

The Big Oil-Burning White Liners
North American and South American

\$79.50
MEALS/BERTH INCLUDED

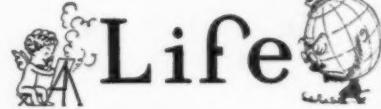
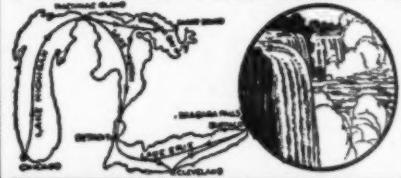
offer you an experience similar to that of an ocean voyage—comfortable berths or parlor rooms—all outside rooms with windows or port holes. Excellent meals daily served. Rest in quiet on observation deck or join in the gaiety as you prefer. Music, Dancing, Entertainments, Games and a Social Hostess to introduce you. A voyage of invigoration, recreation and education combined; a different kind of vacation.

semi-weekly sailings between Chicago, Detroit, Cleveland and Buffalo

Ask for Blue Book on the Blue Lakes at any Railway Ticket Office or Tourist Agency or write

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W. H. BLACK, Traffic Mgr. W. E. BROWN, G.P.A.
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July 5, 1929

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(Continued from Page 27)

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\$8,775.50

White teeth deceive 4 out of 5 NOBODY'S IMMUNE*

*The Disease-of-Neglect Ignores Teeth,
Attacks Gums—and Health is Sacrificed

As your dentist will tell you, the daily brushing of teeth is not enough. For there's a grim foe that ignores the teeth, even the whitest teeth, and launches a severe attack on neglected gums. It ravages health. It often causes teeth to loosen in their sockets and fall out. And it takes as its victims 4 persons out of 5 after forty and thousands younger. It is Pyorrhea.

Don't let white teeth deceive you into thinking that all is well. Provide protection now. It is easier than relief. For when diseases of the gums are once contracted only expert dental treatment can stem their advance.

Have your dentist examine teeth and gums thoroughly at least once every six months. And when you brush your teeth, brush gums vigorously.

For additional prophylaxis use the dentifrice made for the teeth and gums as well . . . Forhan's for the Gums.

Once you start using Forhan's regularly, morning and night, you'll quickly note a distinct improvement in the condition of your gums. They'll look sounder, pinker. They'll feel firmer.

As you know, Pyorrhea and other diseases seldom attack healthy gums.

In addition, the way Forhan's cleans teeth and safeguards them from decay will delight you.

Don't wait until too late. To insure the coming years against disease, start using Forhan's regularly. Get a tube from your druggist. Two sizes, 35c and 60c.

Formula of R. J. Forhan, D.D.S.
Forhan Company, New York



Forhan's for the gums

YOUR TEETH ARE ONLY AS HEALTHY AS YOUR GUMS

Life**Jumping at Conclusions**

Note—When reading a story that breaks over to another page, include the "continued" line with the last line and see what you get. LIFE will pay five dollars for each one printed, but remember that other people read the same magazines you do and the first one in gets the five. Send them to the Conclusion Editor, LIFE, 398 Madison Ave., New York. Conclusions must be clipped from newspaper or magazine. None will be returned.



A NEW EYE-OPENER

YOU'LL open your eyes wide with surprise when you discover the added pleasure that Squibb's Dental Cream gives to smoking.

Brush up with Squibb's. Then you'll have a legion of little Milk of Magnesia particles tucked away in the mouth crevices to protect your smoking taste from growing sulky and tepid. These particles neutralize destructive acids. The whole day through, they make each smoke taste brisker and more pleasant.

Begin using Squibb's Dental Cream tomorrow. All drug stores have it. 40c for a large tube.

© 1929 by E. R. Squibb & Sons



GUARD THE DANGER LINE

Anne and Lindy are continued from page one. —Miss Democrat.

A second died of a poisonous snake's bite in Ecuador. The third continued on page 2, column 5.

—Detroit Free Press.

Any one with half an eye can see that women's clothes are getting scantier and scantier and if we aren't careful in no time they will be entirely discontinued on page 12.

—Cincinnati Tribune.

I started from Los Angeles on May 16, 1916, and my tough luck continued on page 166.

—Popular Science Monthly.

"How's that?" the major asked, and it seemed to Benny that heaven at last had continued on page 112.

—Saturday Evening Post.

"I wonder," Reggie murmured. He drew a long breath. "Well, let's turn to page 82." —Delineator.

For some unknown reason, Santa Claus concluded on next page.

—Liberty.

Then, too, his clothes were exactly right. I mean by this that, though they did not look as if they continued on page 104.

—Saturday Evening Post.

UNCLE DAN'S HAMS

Old Virginia Hams cured on farm, smoked with hickory wood, brown as a berry, sweet as a nut. Shipped all over the world. Write for new price schedule. Satisfaction guaranteed.

OWEN HAM CO.
Box C. Doylesville, Va.



MR. PEANUT
KELLOGG COMPANY

SERVE

After the tennis game or whenever there's a hungry crowd to feed—serve Planters Salted Peanuts. There's real teamwork when Planters Peanuts and a husky appetite get together. These big, Virginia Peanuts are roasted and wholesome. Salted just right. "The Nickel Lunch." Sold only in the glassine bag with MR. PEANUT on it. Buy a bag every day.

PLANTERS NUT & CHOCOLATE COMPANY
U. S. A. and Canada

PLANTERS SALTED PEANUTS



soothing to eyes

Always apply Murine after swimming, motoring and other outdoor activities to relieve eye irritation. It not only soothes away the burning feeling but clears up the bloodshot condition. 60c. Try it!

MURINE
FOR YOUR
EYES

LIFE's Title Contest
(See Page 20)

CONDITIONS

LIFE will pay \$1,000 in prizes for the best titles for the picture on Page 20. By "best" is meant the cleverest and shortest. The Editors of LIFE will be the judges.

Titles may be original or quotations from well known authors. They must not exceed twenty words. Contestants may submit as many titles as they wish, but none will be returned.

The contest is now open to everybody and will close *midnight July 31*.

Should two or more persons submit the same winning title, each one will be awarded the full amount of the prize tied for.

The final award will be announced as early as possible after the close of the contest and checks will be sent simultaneously with the announcement of the awards.

Address all titles to LIFE's Title Contest, 598 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

CONTEST CLOSES JULY 31.



"No need to hurry, Madam—try the red dress again."

Plenty of Distance and still retain control

A ball that now meets both requirements of the modern game—distance—and the control so necessary for low scoring.

Star and duffer alike are proclaiming it as the longest ball they ever hit. We have removed, once and for all, that old myth—that a long ball is hard to handle around and on the green.

Our faith in the Hol-Hi is best expressed by the following unusual guarantee.

This Hol-Hi Ball is guaranteed to give absolute satisfaction—no matter how many holes you play it—for the length of its full life in the hands of the original purchaser. It is guaranteed to retain its shape, not to crack, and to retain its paint. If not entirely satisfactory it will be immediately replaced.



The serious young man with the glasses is Douglas B. (Doug) Wesson of the Smith & Wesson Firearms Company, who long ago made the country safe for Democracy. Doug now spends most of his time between making local "invitations" unsafe for the hometown boys and writing amusing golf articles that kick apart old bromides. With a state handicap of 7 in Massachusetts and the daily obligation to play that grand testing course, Long Meadow Country Club, Doug's regular habit of collecting indicates the careful selection of those accessories which help the winner's game. Doug plays the Hol-Hi.



William T. ("Bill") Hamilton, Eastern Advertising Director of the Coors Nast Group. Bill is a member of Westchester-Baltimore and plays on their team. He's a tall, rangy fellow who's "out there" with most of them. But he says it makes a lot of difference whether he's playing a mashie niblick or a No. 4 for his second. Bill plays the Hol-Hi.



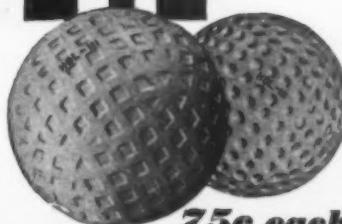
Clair Maxwell, president and advertising manager of that well-known bright spot among American humorous magazines—*Life*—is one of the little fellows who hits the ball a terrific punch. What his golf swing loses in circumference it makes up in speed. Clair rules the roost at Bonnie Briar Country Club, where his handicap is six. He states that the country rolls as much uphill as down, and makes those extra yards of carry an absolute necessity for the "wee ones". Clair plays the Hol-Hi.

HOL-HI

Wilson
GOLF EQUIPMENT



Ask your Pro or
dealer for Johnny Far-
rell's golf book...FREE.



75c each

WILSON-WESTERN SPORTING GOODS CO., NEW YORK CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO

what a whale of a difference
just a few strides make . . .



*Yes...
and what a whale of a difference
just a few cents make*

A definite extra price
for a definite extra
tobacco-goodness

fatima
CIGARETTES

LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

LIFE'S Theatre Ticket Service

598 Madison Ave., New York City

PURCHASE ORDER

(Instructions for using on Page 28)

Dear LIFE:

I want tickets for the following shows:

(Name of show)	(No. Seats)	(Date)
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(Alternates)

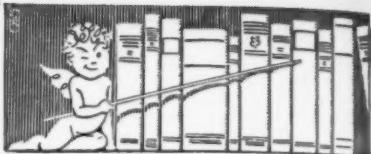
Check for

\$.....

enclosed

Name

Address



From The New Books

The critic leaves at curtain fall
To find, in starting to review it,
He scarcely saw the play at all
For watching his reaction to it.
—*The Lady is Cold* by E. B. W.

Father shouted: "Waterspouts to l'rrrrr'r'dl!" "Strum the m'n'tch!" His voice shook the air. "Avast with the poop, and trim the tr'b'lts!"

"Aye, aye, sir!" everybody replied, having no idea what he meant.

"Tr'f'g in the blizzzz'm'brghtwch!" bellowed father.

"Why, surely, sir," replied the embarrassed sailors, running in all directions, some hoisting the sails, others reefing them, others lowering the anchor or nervously shifting the cargo, while two or three in their confusion manned a life boat and rowed rapidly away to the east.

"Luff up a bit!" roared father to me; so I put my arms around a nearby sailor and luffed up a bit. Obedience is the first law of the sea.

—*Salt Water Taffy*
by Corey Ford.

This is a day of specializing, especially with the doctors. Say, for instance, there is something the matter with your right eye. You go to a doctor and he tells you, "I am sorry, but I am a left-eye doctor; I make a specialty of left eyes." Take the throat business for instance. A doctor that doctors on the upper part of your throat he doesn't even know where the lower part goes to. And the highest priced one of all of them is another bird that just tells you which doctor to go to.

—*Ether and Me* by Will Rogers.

Leibnitz was of the opinion that whether a man should marry is a question requiring a lifetime of consideration; and our young men apparently agree with him. Some of them reflect too long, and become bachelors, wedded to ennui; one sees them in the parks, trying to catch life at second hand from second-hand newspapers; or at the cabaret, listless, tired of their kaleidoscope of legs, discovering that all chorus girls are alike, and bored at last even by vice.

—*Mansions of Philosophy*
by Will Durant.



The whole country has awakened to the fact that the difference between FISHER BODY cars and others is so marked you cannot possibly escape it

One quick glance reveals the vast difference in favor of the Fisher Body car. That difference is present in the better quality of Fisher Body upholstery cloth, carpets, plate glass; in the pains-taking perfection of details, both inside and outside; in the artistry of the appointments and in the lustrous, lasting finish which adorns the finely made, smooth steel panels of the exterior. ¶ It is as clear as sunlight that body value comparable with that built into any car in the Fisher Body group, is found *outside* that group only in cars which are far higher

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in price. ¶ The sum of all these Fisher Body superiories creates in the mind all the delight with which one views a genuinely comfortable, perfectly appointed living room—and which, compared with any ordinary room, leaves one disappointed. ¶ This plain-to-be-seen value and luxury of Fisher Body leads tens of thousands of men and women to accept it as the final, determining factor in their selection of a car—to purchase their automobiles, in other words, from the Fisher Body group of cars which are listed below.



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Now the Master of all personal movie cameras

**THE NEW
7 SPEED FILMO 70·D**



They're off! . . . you film a "close-up" of the start across the race-track. The horses round the bend . . . you speed up the action, intensifying the excitement. Now down the stretch . . . you've got them. Then a s-l-o-w motion movie that shows every detail of the finish. And all in a breathless minute or two! Impossible? Yes, with any personal movie camera you have seen before. But only a hint of marvels that can now be realized with Bell & Howell's latest triumph—Filmo 70 D.

Seven speeds, a turret that holds three lenses, an adjustable spyglass viewfinder for every distance—actually more than the flexibility of any six previous cameras—are combined in this one master achievement. Yet its operation is simplicity itself. Just snap the wanted lens into place, look through the spyglass viewfinder, press the button, and "what you see, you get." In fact you get more than you can see.

Ask the Filmo dealer to demonstrate the new Filmo 70 D. Or write us for literature and the illustrated movie booklet, "What You See, You Get."

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Filmo
WHAT YOU SEE, YOU GET



(Left) Filmo 70 A, the original personal movie camera, surpassed only by Filmo 70 D, \$180 with carrying case; (Right) Filmo 75, pocket size and aristocratic, \$120 with carrying case.

The only rivals of Filmo 70 D are Bell & Howell's studio cameras that film Hollywood's leading productions. They cost up to \$5,000. Filmo 70 D, including one Taylor-Hobson Cooke 1-inch F 3.5 lens, costs but \$245 in its smart Sesame locked cowhide case with shoulder strap. Like all Filmo cameras, Filmo 70 D takes either a 50 or 100 foot roll of film.



For black and white pictures, Filmo cameras use Eastman Safety Film (16 mm.)—in the yellow box—both regular and panchromatic—obtainable at practically all dealers handling cameras and supplies. Filmo cameras and Filmo Projectors are adaptable, under license from Eastman Kodak Company, for use of Eastman Kodacolor film for home movies in full color. Cost of film covers developing and return postage paid, within the country where processed, ready to show at home or anywhere with Filmo Projector.